GERMAN LITERATURE TO-DAY

IDEALISM MARKS TEUTONIC BOOKS SINCE ARMISTICE

By HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

CARL HAUPTMANN died recently at the age of 63 at his home, a large peasant's house in the village of Schreiberhau, in the Riesengebirge—the Giant Mountains, a name that fascinated Poe. Carl lived in the Goethean shadow of his younger brother Gerhardt. Yet he had a great and loyal following of his own—was, in fact, an older leader of the younger men. He has left behind him a tall pyramid of work, shining with the golden, childlike soul of the man, aglow with his fervent humanity, his insistent evangel, for the heavy laden—dramas, poems, novels, essays, short stories. They are all the product of a kind of impulsive, wistful originality, noble work, yet never quite the perfect work of art: "The Poor Broom-binder," "Rubezahl," "Tobias Bundschuh"—the story of a hunchback genius and millionaire who would release the world through love. Love—the battle against human *unliebe*, unlove—that was Carl Hauptmann's message. And it was also the man, a strange, lovable fellow, often seen wandering through the weird stark landscapes of his hills—in a long, fluttering brown coat, his hair free to the wind, his kindly light blue eyes luminous with dreams, his mouth, with its tiny goat's beard, wreathed in smiles.

There was a strong mystic element in the work of Carl Hauptmann. This mystic passion, this yearning dominates German imaginative literature of the hour. In poetry, in drama, in the romance and the novel we encounter it, a poignant, unfathomable longing, as though to fill some world vacuum. It is a projection not of life weariness, but of life revolt—a strike against the present standards and values of existence. It is a hunger for human redemption through human beings themselves, a fierce quest for some solution of the intolerable, some way out of the *impasse* of a civilization which is lying across its own path like a sick Colossus, a blinded Polypheme. And so through most of the German work of to-day there breathes or burns this esoteric quality, sometimes serene, sometimes violent. There is something sacerdotal in the task of reshaping the world, and these writers know that they are working in the medium of the *mysterium*. They hold up implacable mirrors before our eyes, forcing the raw material of our doubts, sufferings and hopes into shapes and sagas. So much draff has been left over by the war—perhaps some of it may be good clay into

Carl Hauptmann.

which life may be breathed, or which may serve for building bricks. All this is significant of the storm driven and bedevilled times, of these years that are on fire and by whose light we would crawl across the frail bridges swung above the Niagaras. In this spirit Kurt Eisner, the assassinated Bavarian Prime Minister, completed his world political farce, *"Die Gotterprufung"* (The Ordeal of the Gods) and young poet dramatists pour forth their incandescent dreams from the press or let them smoke upon the stage: "Easter," by E. K. Ludhard; "The Great Pan," by Kurt Bock; "The Rebirth in Cain," by Julius Haidvogel; "Death and the Mask," by Erich Mosse; "The Swamp," by Leopold Schwarzschild; "The Pestilence," by Bernhard Bernson—the latter a modern Dance of Death—all are plays with one gesture, one cry—a better world, a cleaner humanity. The novel of mystic love and redemption also enjoys an enormous popularity, as in Waldemar Bonsel's beautiful and spiritual *"Eros und die Evangelien,"* the story of a transcendental vagabond, of which some 100,000 copies have already been sold.

Germany's cultivation of Shakespeare on the living stage and in the printed page is as intense as ever. True, the famous Year Book of the "Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft" (published by Walter de Gruyter, Berlin), appeared this year in a thin, emaciated form instead of its customary portliness, but this is owing entirely to a lack of funds. Great credit is due to the efforts of the society's president, Prof. Alois Brandl, the eminent Shakespearian scholar, for keeping this flag flying. Among a mass of other Shakespeariana, *"Das Buch uber Shakespeare,"* by the German poet Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853), compiled from many fragments by Henry Ludeke and published for the first time, is of peculiar even if somewhat archæological, interest. Of far greater vitality are the two volumes by Gustav Landauer, the Bavarian scholar and Socialist, who was shot during the Spartacist riots in Munich.

The deep fount of Goethe seems, like that of Shakespeare, to be inexhaustible. Various new works have appeared upon the man, the poet, the philosopher, the lover. I have already referred to the three volume biography by Emil Ludwig, "Goethe, the Story of a Human Being." It is really an attempt at a new form of biography, and it will prove interesting to see how Ludwig attacks his problem by quoting a fragment of his preface:

"My task: to rebuild the inner world of a human life out of all its symptoms. My means: all sources recognized by philology, in particular the autobiographical. The inner way: to test the correctness of vision and intuition by investigating the data. The outer way: to establish the congenital characteristics in their development throughout life to their fullest flower just before death. My goal: to unfold the landscapes of a soul from youth to age in slow transpositions. My ideal: the historical truthfulness of a calendar, the psychological truthfulness of a poem." Not a single date is given in the text itself, except where world history crosses the life line of world genius. This work palpitates with the superfine of this superman; it is fluorescent with the energies of his spirit, yet it remains a kind of *tour de force*—a schematic attempt, perhaps a successful one, to combine the method of Plutarch with the means of modern psychology. Interesting, too, is a small book by Theodor Kappstein, *"Goethe's Weltanschauung,"* and a large work by Franz Neubert, "Goethe and His Circle" (J. J. Weber, Leipzig), which in some 100 illustrations vivifies the Olympian and his period for us. Other lands are also contributing to this swelling and spreading literature upon Goethe—as though an unhappy and dismembered age would do honor to his serenity, unity and universality—there is Hume Brown's "Life of Goethe," recently published in London, and an impending work in several volumes by a famous Italian scholar, as well as the valuable and pithy book by Georg Brandes to which I have already alluded.

Brandes himself is in Berlin—on a visit to his married daughter. The splendid old man, one of the few master minds left to the world, is almost 80, yet full of fire and freshness. His turbulent, somewhat choleric temperament has grown a little more mellow, that is all. We had last seen each other in London before the war, though we had maintained a desultory correspondence during it. He was anxious to see the masterpieces in the Dresden Gallery once more and was also looking forward to a trip to Italy. He was in his best narrative mood, and anecdote after anecdote poured from his lips, precise, assured, detailed, casting a revealing, sometimes devastating sidelight on the many famous men he knows or has known. Georg Brandes was undoubtedly the most courted intellect in Europe during the war. He was besieged by the intellectuals of every belligerent land, who expected him to support their fierce, one-sided fulminations and sign their partisan protests, pronunciamentos and appeals. His attempt to think or, if need be, protest for himself brought him many enemies, one of the most vindictive being his old friend Clemenceau. Brandes has now put forth his own protest and appeal under the title of "The Second Part of the Tragedy" (Friedrich Andreas Perthes, Gotha), a luminous summary, in which a manly scorn and honest irony induced by human folly strive to conceal the deep pity of one of the most humane and liberal spirits of our time.

We spoke of American literature. He was grieved to hear of the death of James Huneker, whom he knew well and treasured highly. In order that all heartburnings and preening of plumes among our own authors may be averted, I shall refrain from repeating his judgment upon some of them. His attitude toward our literature is hospitable, inquisitive and amiably tolerant. Brandes related several amusing things of Henry James, and I was reminded of what Henry James once said to me at the house of Edmund Gosse in London, when I asked him what impression he had received of our civilization after his recent trip to America: "Um—ah!—er—it's a bit thin—a bit thin—you can put your finger through it here and there." And he poked a plump forefinger toward the fire and through an imaginary screen. As Brandes talked I could see the post-bellum world arise before me as he himself saw it—greatly mutilated, much-besotted and malodorously defiled—and I knew that for once the men of the past generation were entitled to triumph over those of the present, were justified in brandishing their "good old times" before our eyes.

The Nietzsche Archiv at Weimar has given the Consul Lassen prize for the three most important books of 1920 to Dr. Georg Dehio for his "History of German Art." To Prof. Bruno Bauch for his "Immanuel Kant," and to Dr. Leopold Ziegler for his "Metamorphosis of Gods." The head of the Ernst Haeckel Archiv at Jena, Dr. Heinrich Schmidt, begs all those who may possess letters of the great biologist to send him transcripts, as he is compiling for publication several volumes of Haeckel's correspondence. Haeckel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche would all be aghast could they rise from the dead, even with the mob of common spirits that are daily being invoked, and look upon the epidemic of Spiritualism, table rapping, ghost conjuring and ouija boarding going on in Germany, or could they behold the stampede of great masses of the population to the thin anodynes of our "uplift" philosophy. But all this is a reaction from the terrific ordeal of the war. It is an Ersatz, a substitute, only a temporary one, I think, for the religions which have suffered wreckage.

Books continue to rush and rustle by, like crowds along some boulevard. Many of great merit are never recognized or ever heard of again, yet find their readers, and even make their profit for the publisher. They even announce their coming in groups, in platoons, as in the series *"Die Neue Welt"* (The New World), edited by Alfred Manes and published by Karl Siegesmund, Berlin. Here we have some thirty-eight books and treatises all dealing with the new order of things—from new art to new surgery, the new globe, the new church, the new diet, even the new taxation. All of these are thoughtful and instructive books by well known authorities, fascinating studies of what has come or is to come. Klinkhardt and Biermann of Leipsic have issued some twenty handbooks in a series entitled *"Neue Kunst,"* embodying the work of the more important of the younger artists, most of them rebellious and audacious expressionists. The series, which is richly illustrated, may be commended to those of our painters and designers who are already squinting in the direction of expressionism.

Scene from "The Legend of Joseph," the Hoffmansthal poem made into an opera by Richard Strauss. Joseph is delivered by Heaven from the wrath of Potiphar's wife. (From "Illustrirte Zeitung.")

"Atlantis lives again!" With this slogan Eugen Diedrichs of Jena ushers in an important and enthralling series dealing with all the fables, myths, legends and ruins of legendary Africa, the culture of the Kabyles, of Kordofan and the Sudan—in ten ample volumes—to be brought to a close in 1925. They will be edited and compiled by Leo Frobenius, the famous scholar and traveller. Bong & Co. of Berlin have just published *"Die Befreiung der Menschheit"* (The Liberation of Humanity), a momentous, timely book. It may be called an encyclopædia of the revolutionary ideal in the past and present, of the Promethean fate of men. It is a book of large format, with many contributions by intellectual leaders of the Left, and it is illustrated with the utmost extravagance—a panorama in word and picture of the history of human aspiration, hope, folly, of the slow advance toward the broader day and then the inevitable thundering back of the rock which the slave Sisyphus has rolled with such agony toward the heights.

Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm, a lineal descendant of Schiller, has just brought his six volumes dealing with the culture and customs of Europe to a splendid climax by the publication of "The Sun of the Renaissance" (Julius Hoffmann, Stuttgart)—a book in which he plunges us into the thick of the most thrilling movement of this era of art and aristocracy.

A large and excellent compendium of German literature of the last decades, *"Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit,"* by Albert Soergel, with some 350 portraits, &c., has been published by R. Voigtlanders Verlag, Leipsic, and has already run into the fifty thousand. Adolf Bartels's *"Die Jungsten"* (H. Haessel, Leipsic) deals with the premier literary figures among the younger men down to the close of 1920. "German Literature of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," by Richard M. Meyer, has been edited by Hugo Bieber and issued by Georg Bondi, Berlin. The fourth "Year Book of Intellectual Politics," edited by Kurt Hiller, has made its appearance. It is packed with the dynamic ideas and demands of prominent young intellectuals. Friedrich Gundolf has written a masterly study of Stefan George (Verlag Georg Bondi, Berlin). Few poets have created so many new forms and word values as George, nor impressed themselves more deeply on contemporary poetry. Kasimir Edschmid, one of the most staccato and stenographic of expressionists, has been summing up the new men and movements in his book of essays "The Double Headed Nymph," from the press of Paul Cassirer.

Books upon Einstein and his theory continue to appear in apparent violation of the relativity of probable interest. One of the best and most absorbing interpretations is that by Alexander Moskovsky, one of the most brilliant and versatile minds of Germany—"Talks With Einstein"—an English translation of which is to be published by Methuen. The well known scholar and philosopher of style, Fritz Mauthner, has just issued at the age of 70 the first volume of his "History of Atheism in the Occident" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart) — a formidable book which opens strange doors in the history of man and draws curtains from windows in walls where one had never imagined them to exist.

The sentimental German habit of celebrating the birthdays of well known men by public congratulations, addresses, poems and articles in the newspapers, has not been abolished by the war. The age limit has even been reduced from sixty to fifty years. And so the fiftieth birthday of Heinrich Mann brought forth many appreciations and the inevitable comparisons with his equally distinguished brother Thomas, and talk of the antagonism between the two—judgments in which acrid political factors played a considerable part. Heinrich, the spirit of revolt, the seeker for the southern sun, inebriated with the theme of love, the humanitarian idealist, the deliberate Schwarmer for republican dispensations, the bitter satirist and caricaturist of the old order; Thomas, the cool, conservative monarchist, sitting aristocratically aloof in the traditions of the fine old Hanseatic bourgeoisie, a thinker whose deadly historical logic and strongly developed national consciousness force him to decline the phrases and the panaceas of the "Zivilisations-literat" of Western democracy, a consummate artist, master of the infinitely subtle word, the perfect word that moves and lightens in his lines—surely something of the antithesis between Goethe and Schiller repeats itself in the relation of these two brothers. Yet it is Thomas who has lately revealed the deep and sweet humanity within him by withdrawing his homage from the world of men and actuality and approaching in humility and reverence the world of the child and the dog—two bright little works of exquisite charm and feeling—"Herr und Hund," the story of his dog Bashan, and "Gesang vom Kindchen," delicious hexameters celebrating the birth and baptism of his daughter Elizabeth.

The publishers have flung many new novels upon the market, a great deal of new poetry has made its appearance, not to mention a number of new plays of literary moment, but of these I shall write in my next. The great success of "The Legend of Joseph," written by Hugo von Hoffmansthal and Count Harry Kessler and set to music by Strauss, is an international literary-musical event which must not go without mention.

Croce on critical principle

ARIOSTO, SHAKESPEARE AND CORNEILLE. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Henry Holt & Co.

Reviewed by
CORNELIA A. LATHROP.

LATTER-DAY tendencies are toward the free enjoyment of literature: theoretically the time is past when books "ought to be read." The compulsory attitude of elder teachers, librarians and publishers is no longer necessary. Decade by decade books become less of a luxury, more of a necessity; literary criticism becomes the conversation of the many rather than the printed opinion of the few.

Therefore one hesitates to agree with the publishers of Senator Croce's work that the art of literary criticism in the English speaking world is decayed. It has rather become more and more fruitful by becoming more and more democratized. Every casual group discussing an author's "sincerity" or "real meaning" is developing a sense of criticism perhaps quite as valuable to civilization as the more studied contributions to critical literature of the last century.

The critic who exhausts every phase of his subject seldom stimulates such casual discussion. Fortunately Senator Croce justifies his continental reputation as a philosopher by a delightful tolerance of human nature and by a tacit understanding with his readers that he leaves with them many important matters for decision.

As, for instance, the Baconian theory. In setting aside this and other Shakespearian dissections (among them the paternity of Davenant, an operation upon which the essayist mildly comments: "One of the critics has dared admit that he spent fifteen years in research and meditation on this point alone.") Senator Croce has written two paragraphs which may be recommended to the consideration of all surgeon-litterateurs:

"We know that it is necessary to make an effort of abstraction, to forget biographical details concerning the poets, in those cases where they abound, if we wish to enjoy their art, in what it possesses of ideality, which is truth. We know, too, that poets and artists have always experienced dislike and contempt for those gossip mongers who investigate and record the private occurrences of their lives in order to extract from them the elements of artistic judgment. This is the reason why a poet's contemporaries and his fellow countrymen are said not to be good judges and that no one is a poet or prophet among his familiars and in the place of his birth.

"The advantage of the lack of a bar to artistic contemplation, one of the good consequences of this lack of biographical detail relating to Shakespeare, is thrown away by these conjecturers, who, like the mule of Galeazzo Florimonte, bring stones to birth that they may stumble over them."

Thus Senator Croce reassures the great average public—which, after all, suffers frequently from being told by this, that or the other authority that without this, that or the other ray of enlightenment it is impossible to enjoy any work of art. It is quite possible that the general understanding of the work was a truer estimate before the voice of a self-constituted authority was heard; certainly enjoyment was less hampered. Nevertheless the authoritative voice is sufficient to make the general public uneasy and self-conscious; to minimize individual æsthetic appreciation. It is refreshing to find in one authority the faith in the ultimate vindication of popular taste that is found in Croce's work.

It is quite impossible to read through the three essays without stopping to reread the Orlando Furioso, at least four or five of the plays of Shakespeare, the Cid and Polyeucte, so infectiously absorbing is the author's delight in certain lyrical or significant passages. This impossibility proffers a sympathetic guide during the interruption in the person of the interrupted essayist. To read through Polyeucte with the assurance that "Corneille had an ideal, an ideal in which he believed and to which he clung with all the strength of his soul, of which he never lost sight and which he always tended to realize in situation, rhythms and words, seeking and finding his own intimate satisfaction, the incarnation of his ideal, in those brave and solemn scenes and sounds" is to forget all previous teachings concerning Corneille as a great classic writer and to see him anew as a human being.

It is to be hoped that the casual American reader may justify Senator Croce's faith, founded doubtless upon his knowledge of Italian popular taste. His appeal to the scholar is immediate; but by his own measure popular appreciation is ranked higher.

The casual reader may agree with Senator Croce that æsthetic criticism is the surest method of arriving at the true valuation of an author; but the casual reviewer should as assuredly protest against the "Translator's Preface" to the book. With all due respect to Mr. Ainslie, the preface by a translator is the least necessary of the unnecessary comments which are frequently poured out upon a great work. A biographical sketch of the author would be of far greater interest; for Benedetto Croce is "a Senator of the Kingdom of Italy," "with the possible exception of Bergson, the foremost philosopher of Europe," and the recipient in 1920 of the Butler gold medal. These facts are mentioned upon the ephemeral book jacket. There is no further knowledge contained within the book concerning the author.

"A translation," Mr. Ainslie writes, "should not in any case be taken as a pouring from the golden into the silver vessel, as used to be erroneously supposed, for Croce has proved that in so far as the translator rethinks the original he is himself a creator. This explains why so many writers have been addicted to translation—in English we have Pope, Fitzgerald, Rossetti, to name but three of many . . ."

NEW BOOKS

Fiction.

GALUSHA THE MAGNIFICENT—By Joseph C. Lincoln. Appleton.
RAINY WEEK—By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Putnam.
SHALLOW SOIL—By Knut Hamsun. Knopf.
OLD FIGHTING DAYS—By E. R. Punshon, Knopf.
JENNY—By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by W. Emme. Knopf.
IN THE CLAWS OF THE DRAGON—By George Soulie de Morant. Knopf.
THE SWORN BROTHERS: A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF ICELAND—Translated from the Danish of Gunnar Gunnarsson by C. Field and W. Emme. Knopf.

History and Public Affairs.

THE FEDERAL ADMINISTRATION AND THE ALIEN—A supplement to "Immigration and the Future"—By Frances Kellor. Doran.
FROM MARX TO LENIN—By Morris Hillquit. New York: Hanford Press.
INDIA AS KNOWN TO THE ANCIENT WORLD—By Gauranganath Banerjee. Oxford University Press.
THE LABOR MOVEMENT: ITS CONSERVATIVE FUNCTIONS AND SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES—By Frank Tannenbaum. Putnam.
EXPERIENCES OF A DUGOUT: 1914-1918—By Major-Gen. C. E. Callwell, K. C. B. Dutton.
AMERICAN POLICE ADMINISTRATION—By D. Graper. Macmillan.

Biography and Reminiscences.

SUVOROF—By W. Lyon Blease. With an introduction by Major-Gen. Sir C. E. Callwell, K. C. B. Dutton.
THUS TO REVISIT: SOME REMINISCENCES—By Ford Madox Hueffer. Dutton.
ARTHUR COLERIDGE: REMINISCENCES—Edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. Dutton.

Essays.

SHELLEY AND CALDERON AND OTHER ESSAYS ON ENGLISH AND SPANISH POETRY—By Salvador de Madariaga. Dutton.
THE TALE OF TERROR: A STUDY OF THE GOTHIC ROMANCE—By Edith Birkhead. Dutton.

Travel.

THE BASQUE COUNTRY—Painted by Romilly Fedden. Described by Katharine Fedden. Houghton Mifflin.

Science.

CLOUDS: A DESCRIPTIVE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE BOOK TO THE OBSERVATION AND CLASSIFICATION OF CLOUDS—By George Aubourne Clarke. Dutton.
A TEXTBOOK OF OCEANOGRAPHY—By J. T. Jenkins. Dutton.

"The World of To-day."

OFFICIAL STATISTICS—By Arthur L. Bowley. MODERN FINANCE—By Emile Burns. DOMINION HOME RULE IN PRACTICE—By A. Berriedale Keith. AN EDUCATED NATION—By Basil A. Yeaxlee. WHY PRICES RISE AND FALL—By F. W. Pethick Lawrence. INDUSTRIAL IDEALS—By Victor Gollancz. A CAPITAL LEVY AND A LEVY ON WAR WEALTH—By A. C. Pigou.
The above pamphlets are in a series, "The World of To-day," edited by Victor Gollancz. Published by the Oxford University Press.

Miscellaneous.

THE PERFECT GENTLE KNIGHT—By Hester D. Jenkins. World Book Company.
HISTORIC ENGLISH—By James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls.
PRACTICAL HINTS ON TRAINING FOR THE STAGE—By Agnes Platt. Dutton.
WILL POWER AND WORK—By Jules Payot. Funk & Wagnalls.
MANHOOD OF HUMANITY: THE SCIENCE AND ART OF HUMAN ENGINEERING—By Alfred Korzybski. Dutton.
AGRICULTURE AND IRRIGATION IN CONTINENTAL AND TROPICAL CLIMATES—By Kinsley D. Doyle. Dutton.
THE HIGH SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK CITY: A HANDBOOK OF PROCEDURE AND PERSONNEL—Published by the High School Teachers' Association, New York city.
THE NEW ZEALAND OFFICIAL YEAR BOOK: 1920—Prepared under the instructions of the Government of New Zealand by Malcolm Fraser, Government statistician. Wellington, New Zealand: Marcus F. Marks, Government printer.